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PRICE ONE CENT.

NIGHT EDITION CHEERS FOR HANNIGAN.

The Man Who Shot Solomon H. Mann Greeted as a Hero on His Way to Court.

A WOMAN VISITS THE VICTIM.

Mann, Whom He Shot for Betraying His Sister, Has Not Long to Live.

David F. Hannigan, who to avenge the death of his sister yesterday afternoon shot and mortally wounded her alleged betrayer, Solomon H. Mann, was held without bail in the Yorkville Police Court this morning to await the result of his victim's injuries.

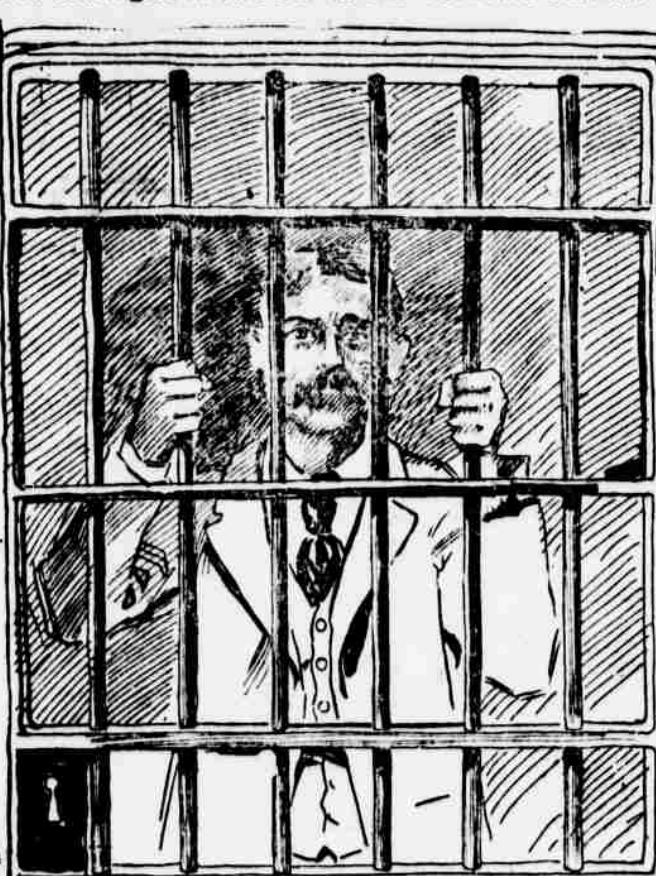
The crowd of men, women and children which had gathered in the hope of hearing the story of the shooting told again, and of hearing some passionate outburst on the part of the prisoner, were disappointed.

Counted for anything, seemed to sympathize with the prisoner. Out of all the crowd Hannigan was the least concerned. When he was led to the station last night he was excited, and at one time seemed hysterical, but gradually he calmed down.

Before the deed he had reiterated what he had told before, that he had fired the shot and was glad of it. He hoped Mann would die.

He had been in the cell only a few hours when hunger came. He asked

David Hannigan in His Cell at the Yorkville Station.



The witnesses to the shooting were all ready to testify, but they were not called upon to do so. The cause for this is the fact that the physicians in Mann's case are still alive. Although his hours are numbered, no one knew at the time the case was called in court, when the end would come.

Mann Still Unconscious.

Mann has been unconscious from the moment the bullet from Hannigan's pistol went crashing into his head at 6:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. When a policeman called at the Flower Hospital this morning to inquire after the patient's condition there had been no change, so Dr. Neilson made out the following certificate:

Flower Hospital, May 24, 1905, 4:35 A. M.

I hereby certify that Solomon H. Mann is in the above-named hospital dangerously ill and unable to leave.

HOWARD STOUT NEILSON.

It was on that certificate that the remand without bail was granted.

At 6 o'clock the physicians in Flower Hospital said Mann was still alive, but could hardly live the day out. His ultimate recovery they declared to be impossible.

Crowds from Cell to Court.

A similar scene around the East Fifty-first street police station, along Third avenue up to and around the doors of the Yorkville Police Court and in the building itself has rarely been witnessed.

There were hundreds of women in that crowd which lined the sidewalks and almost blocked the street.

They were demonstrative, too, when they saw Hannigan. They regarded him as little short of a hero, as a heaven-sent avenger who performed his part at the right time and in the proper manner.

The men in the crowd seemed to take the same view as did the policemen. When Justice Ryan, who afterwards heard the case in court, if his looks

for food and got it. After partaking of it he began to smoke.

Passed the Night Smoking.

In smoking he passed away the night. The officers who were detailed to watch him declare that he must have used up all of fifteen cigars, and he never once slept. For the greater part of the night he walked up and down his cell, smoking all the time.

The officers did not talk to him much, but in order to cheer him up they told funny stories within his hearing. At many of them he laughed heartily. He had been so moody before that they wanted to divert his thoughts from the tragedy of the evening, and they succeeded to a large extent.

The stop on Fifty-seventh street did not last more than ten seconds, but it was long enough for the crowd to push forward closely around the prisoner. The detectives, perhaps having some idea that a rescue was contemplated, drove the people back and then on the double-quick hurried young Hannigan up to the court.

The father and brother, however, had been even swifter, and as David was about being led into the pen, he was stopped again. Then for the first time the prisoner spoke, and addressing his father he said:

Asks After His Wife and Mother.

"How is mother this morning?"

"Very much exhausted," was the mournful reply, while the old man shook his head.

"How is my wife and my boy?" was the next question, and the reply came even slower.

"They are in very poor condition," the father said.

That ended the conversation, as David Hannigan was put into the prisoner's cell. There were about a score of men there at the time, and like most prisoners, Hannigan declined a proffered seat, passing the time pacing up and down the narrow room.

It was just 9:30 o'clock when Police Justice Ryan ascended the bench, and the third prisoner brought before him was Hannigan. The latter's father and brother, with his partner and his lawyer, crowded around him, and all leaned against the rail together.

There was a marked contrast between the brothers in the matter of dress. David wore a law-tennis shirt, very much worn and soiled. His hair was unkempt and his face unshaven. Even his clothing was untidy.

His brother was just the reverse. Brooding over his sister's death had

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ing the way, and a little roughness had to be used to clear a passage.

Shouts of approval then were heard on every side. The crowd became more demonstrative. It surged up to Third avenue and along the sidewalk on the street. Men, women and children would rush along past the prisoner, and then turn back to get a good look at his face. Some even tried to pat him on the back, but to all this display of admiration he seemed absolutely indifferent.

He puffed steadily at his cigar and kept his eyes straight ahead.

The journey up the avenue to Fifty-seventh street was made in that way, but there a bigger demonstration was witnessed.

Hannigan's father, a man with a clean-shaven face, stoutly built, and with massive jaws, showing determination, had been waiting at the court for at least an hour. With him were his son, who looks like a twin brother of the prisoner, and David's partner in the Mann business.

Father and brother, standing on the court steps, heard the cries of the crowd, and divine the cause, at once hurried down.

Kissed by His Father.

When about one hundred feet away from the court the father and son met. The former, with a cry which no one seemed to understand—half grief, half exultation—sprang forward and threw his arms around David's neck.

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FULL DETAILS OF THE NEW YORK-CLEVELAND GAME WILL BE GIVEN IN TO-NIGHT'S BASEBALL EXTRA.

PUT BOSWELL IN TO TWIRL.

The Ex-Collegian Tries His Hand Against the Cleveland Team.

SULLIVAN FOR THE SPIDERS.

Only One More Game on the Western Trip in Which to Even Up.

GIANTS PAY THEIR BIG FINES.

Umpire Betts's Acquaintance Cost Doyle \$125, and Meekin and Dav's Each \$25.

(From The Evening World Special Correspondent with the Team.)

BASEBALL GROUNDS, CLEVELAND, O., May 24.—"Andy" Boswell was again given a chance to twirl for the Spiders this afternoon.

But one more game remains to be played after to-day's before the team leaves for home, and they will make an effort to at least break even on the first Western series. As matters now stand they have won eight games, but half of all they have played since leaving home.

The weather was perfect. The sun smiled from a beautiful sky and a gentle breeze tempered the air nicely. After yesterday's crushing defeat the Giants got out to the grounds early and put in a good hour's practice before the game was called.

Davis Lectures the Team.

Their exhibition yesterday was by far the worst they have put up this season, and Capt. Davis said a few things to them last evening which were not exactly complimentary.

Doyle, Meekin and Davis, who were fined by Umpire Betts in Pittsburgh last Saturday for daring to differ with a number of the outfielders' decisions, were to-day notified of their fines by Nick Young, and sent the sums they were indicted to pay. Doyle \$125, Meekin and George \$25 each.

The Batting Order:

The batting order was as follows:

New York: Doyle, 1b; Meekin, 2b; Davis, 3b; Van Halren, cf; Stafford, 2b; Wilcox, 2b; Boswell, p; Murphy, ss; Sullivan, p.

Umpire—Mr. Emslie.